THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 20, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1099.

Original Poetry.

YOUTH AND LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY C. H. GARNER.

It was a Summer Morn.—and all was bright,
All fresh and gay;
It was a Summer Morn,—each thing was light,
And full of play.
Upon each lip a smile
Was young and free,
And Nature for awhile
Was watchy.

It was a Summer Morn I say I spied,
Close by a gently murmuring streamlet side.
Two lovely beings;
One as the other in a garb, was dress'd,
Of purity, and each the other blest;
Those happy things
Unlike and yet alike unto each other,
Divided yet inseparable too,
Bound like a brother to a faithful brother,
By ties in passionate, as sweet, as true.

'Twas Love and Youth; ah! yes! I marked them there—
Both the same to a fairfield brother,
One as the other was alike as fair,
Alike did seem;
Locked in each other's arms,
I saw them there.
Where all their many charms,
Upon the air
To find such fitch upon a World like this,
Oh! tell me what must be the perfect bliss,
Of Happiness Reflected!
Where Love and Youth shall meet and parting never,
Enjoy the happiness that lasts for ever.
Undimmed by years.
Bright Youth, sweet Love, oh! as I marked ye there,
I heaved a sigh that sin had given birth;
That such bright roses so fragile and so fair,
Should claim a breath the scent of the foulness present.
It was on Autumn Morn; the Sun was bright,
But the chill wind
Spoke of a cold and gloomy blight,
Rude and unkind.
Away I sought the spot.
The stream was there
Its ripples in many lay,
As bright and fair;
But where is Youth and Love, where now I am?
Ah! Love is there, but Youth is old and grey,
And full of care.
The hoary wrinkles on her brow has head,
Upon the tender breast of Love, a bed
They are not as they were for Youth is changed.
The stream, the stream was still the same as then—
But fruitful Love, that ne'er can be estranged,
Marked not the dying one for Love is Heaven.

Original Novel.

THE OLD LOYALIST.

A Tale of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS AUTHOR OF "LOVE FROM A LAWYER'S POST FOLIO."

"To write or such a manner wise,
Which may be wisdom to the wise,
And play to them that list to play."—Gower

CHAPTER XI.

I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have.
Shakspeare

'Tis true that we are in great danger.—*Ibid.*

An hour had passed since Edith's appearance at the window, and the time was rapidly verging towards midnight, when Ernest was startled to hear the departure of Stanley. More than once the young lieutenant was on the point of leaving his hiding place and running the alarming fact to the ears of Edith; but the thought that but a moment's reflection satisfied him that by so doing he would probably only hurry on his own fate without being able to save Edith, kept him for some minutes after few steps into the garden walk, that was clear of the deepness and shade cast out into the night, declared that he had seen a shadow or a human being. Ernest hastily retreated into his hiding place, and after a few minutes of anxious suspense, was relieved from his fears, united to a sense of wrong. The latter had hitherto prevailed and induced her to act and speak in language unbecoming her sex, but when she found herself in so fearful a situation, sering her hand and kissing it before it could be withdrawn, "and now listen to my story."

"Stanley, you know I loved you, while she pointed to another on the opposite side for Ernest, Edith signified her readiness that he should proceed. It was evident from her downcast eyes and the color scattered by her lover's last words, but vacillated between the pleadings of her heart and the convictions of her judgment united to a sense of wrong. The latter had hitherto prevailed and induced her to act and speak in language unbecoming her sex, but when she found herself in so fearful a situation, sering her hand and kissing it before it could be withdrawn, "and now listen to my story."

"Now is the moment," Ernest said when the house had subsided into comparative repose. "I will see you, Edith—tell you all—and then leave you to decide your fate; but not before I have thrown myself at my father's feet and implored his forgiveness. If I still see you, his heart may be softened towards me. If so, Edith may yet be mine," and as this thought rose up before him, he advanced with a lighter step to reconnoitre the mansion.

Most of the inmates had by this time retired, and the lights in the various windows had been extinguished, but Ernest turned the opposite corner of the house from that near which he had been hiding, he caught a glare that threw itself out on the garden walk. The door had into an apartment that was lighted and apparently occupied, for as a faint ring of Ernest crushed on the gravelled pathway, a low guard met his ear and instantly a watch dog sprang out through the half open door. For an instant Ernest suspected, but recollecting that the animal was old friend, he uttered a low whistle, which brought the faithful brute fawning and whining with joy to his side. The dog had apparently retired to rest when a light step met his ear, and a silvery voice—whose lowest accent thrilled through every nerve of the hearer—called to the animal, as if the speaker deemed he had only sprung into the walk in a wayward frolic. The dog whined in reply but did not stir from Ernest's feet. Again Edith spoke, advancing this time to the threshold of the door, and disclosing to her lover that unequalled face, own marked with traces of sorrow and anxiety. The heart of Ernest was melted anew at the sight, and rushing from the shadow into which he had momentarily shrunk, he uttered her name in a low tone.

Could a painter light up his canvass with the expression which now met the gaze of the sculptor who had prepar had been answered and the marble virgin glowed with sudden life, we might form some conception of the change that was produced in the features of Edith at sound of her name. As the well known voice met her ear she started forward, her face, even in the doubtful light, betraying the crimson hue which rushed to it, while a ray of unutterable gladness filled her eyes with sudden moisture, and her light parted joyously as if she was about to speak. But instantaneously, as if the sound of her own voice had come up before her memory, the blushes died from her cheeks, her features nearly pale, she remained, with lips half open and one hand advanced, as if she were being suddenly changed into stone. Ernest had extended his hand to her, but it remained unnoticed by her. Edith, as if she had involuntarily betrayed her self-possession, and was determined by the frank joy she evinced at his sight, but now he hesitated like one who, not by a mistake they could reciprocate with ardor, the with a look rapidly changing into sorrow and reproach, and he with an expression of anxiety to read the cause of the glad smile that had been so suddenly chased away.

"Ernest, you are not wounded?" she uttered, in a low tone.

"I think, Edith, I never better fitted if should go, and alone. My uncle must be prepared for your presence, and I will not subject you to unnecessary and perhaps fatal hazards, he might refuse to hear you in the first moments of prejudice, and thus ruin our hopes. I will go alone—you may safely trust me—and I will listen to you. Give me your hand, Edith, and I will go."

"You are right,—and may heaven prosper your undertaking." With these words, she placed her hand in his.

Who shall describe the torrents of emotions which visited Ernest during the half hour he remained alone in the library after the departure of Edith? Now giving way to despair, and now exhilirated by hope, he paced the floor in the most dreadful uncertainty. Once or twice his fancy suggested to him the sound of voices in loud altercation, among which he could distinguish that of his father pronouncing over again that bitter curse; he seemed to hear the pleading voice of Edith, urging with all the eloquence of fearful affection, but then those sounds were alike imaginary, and he was forced to remain for some time longer without any clue to his uncertainty. He took up a book and tried to read, but in vain. He advanced to the door, and noiselessly opening it for a few inches, looked cautiously up and down the corridor, listening eagerly for the slightest noise which might betoken the approach of Edith, or the probable result of her mission. None came. And thus a full half hour was spent in that suspense which is more terrible than the most dreadful certainty.

Meantime the entrance of Ernest into the mansion had not been unobserved. The footsteps which Ernest heard had preceded from the ears of Stanley, who had his ground behind his master in close communion with one of the servants, secretly in the pay of the English captain to act as a spy on the household. He was on the point of retiring, and had already reached the corner of the wall when he heard the voice of Edith and Ernest, and instantly retracing he had just time to catch the sight of their retreating forms before they closed the door. The rapidity with which the shutters were closed, confirmed his suspicions that the companion of Edith was the son of Colonel Harcourt. Finding that none of the windows of the library were open, and that therefore he could not see what was passing within, he hastened back to the kitchen, which he reached just as his confederate was closing the assistant entrance to the mansion.

"Hist!" he said, arresting the arm of the treacherous domestic, "here is the game netted for us. This young rebel, the son of the old chap up stairs, is in the library with mistress Edith. What he has come for, unless to get a bitter rowst, the devil only knows. He may yet defeat all our plans."

"How! Are we not to act against one? I will lead at once to the library, and we can arrest the foul-bird's fellow and make our fortunes, before your chaplain could get through the beginning of one of his prayers."

"That would never do. Hope we are not in arrest things. Butler, in others you are as blind as a bat. Now there is nothing my master desires more than a chance to send this chap to kingdom come; but don't you see, would not do to let mistress Edith know who did it, for she would never marry him after that. No—no—in honesty, you're a nettlesome horse, but a little too fast for a delicate lady. We must manage this matter differently."

"How the devil can you manage it then?" said the other, gruffly.

"Why, this way. This interview can't last all night, and so do you watch near the library door—for by that way we must depart—and then dog his course. I will hurry at once to the captain's quarters, and bring back a band good fellows to secure the arrest of the rebel. If he leaves before we get there, we can watch his track, or your skill to follow him. If he is still in the house we will suffer him to get a decent distance from the mansion, so as the sound of the scuffle, if any occurs, not reach here. Then we will set on him, and carry him to the captain. It's only two miles to quarters, and I can be back in less than an hour."

"And if he comes out of the house before then, I'll give him a touch of cold steel in the back to stop his home, ha! he said the confederate, as the latter left the room, closed the shutter, and coming out by the kitchen door he took his station behind, he able several to the corner side of the house and concealed himself in some shrubbery a short distance from the library door. The night was dark, and the shadows cast by the trees on the

tern of the captain, who had been talking apart with some of his men. Advancing still closer to Emma, he said:

"Have you decided—the time has come, and I am in no mood for trifling—remember, this is the last chance for your brother's life."

"I remember," replied Emma—"and I have decided —for death—and leave me."

"The noble—you will find me as staggard in the performance of my promise," said the other, his voice beaming with suppressed passion. "Soon gazed, bind him and do the meanest true, we will find if his high head does not set, as well as talk."

Obedient to their leader's command, the rowdy band seized upon the prisoner, and leading him to a little distance from the spot where his sister sat, commenced the preparations for the fatal act. Shading her eyes with her hands Emma saw more and motionless, the picture of despair. In haste the band arose was made and hastened to the work of the captive, and now all was ready. Again did the heartless villain urge the sister to accept the offer at his hand, but the words of her brother, as he blest her for the resolve, came to her, and she sat mute. Stung by this display of courage, the ruffian now gave the word for the completion of the execution. The noose had been run over the flesh of the two, and two ruffians held the chord, waiting the signal from the villain. Around had congregated the gang to witness the proceedings. All was stillness. The spot was lonely and wild—a single tree in the immediate vicinity around which on every hand spread ice cutain of foliage, so thick that the eye could not reach but a small distance into the environs of the encampment. And these stood George Wilson. He had taken the last view of nature —the last farewell of his sister—the last thought of self —and now, he said firm and collected. Around him stood was the leader of the band, a glare of triumph lighting up his eyes as he saw the end of all approaching. Gazing upon his victim for a moment, he said:

"George Wilson, you once despised me and rejected my friendship when, if I had so willed, I was your sister, you thwarted me in love, now I am your captor, ask no mercy, I will grant none."

"I won't" replied Wilson, "I despise a base your friendship and your mercy. Talk not of love. Such a villain cannot feel the passion. Put think not to escape from this deed, the hand of Marion's men, to which I belong, will not let my blood be spilt in vain. You trouble at that name—well you may—'tis that a name an your path, and you will pay a heavy penalty for this day's work."

"Are you done of this raving," interrupted the ruffian, "think not to fright me from my purpose. Marion himself could not do it. Ha! ha! who conquers you?"

As he finished he was begin to feel of great strength, shrill blast—the blast was repeated from the wood, and the last note had not died upon the ear, when breaking from the thickness came the band of Marion. Had the trump of the scabbard sounded it could not have struck greater terror into the guard, who stood panicked, mute and lifeless as statues. A moment after came the crash of a hundred rifles, carrying death into the ranks of the Tories, followed by the calves and yells of the men and the iron heels of the horses. Surrounded on all sides by the foe, and struck with terror at this unlooked of rescue, the ruffians made no resistance, but fled. Dashing into the midst of the scene the rescuers swept the ground, and with young Sexton at their head soon made a clear field. Giving chase, to capture the few remaining Tories he dismounted and cut the bands that confined his friend, who until this time seemed unconscious of what was acting around. But as he saw the face of his friend, and recollected other features here, he awoke, and seizing the hand of his young companion, pressed it in silence.

When the first moment of surprise was over, Sexton asked the fate of Emma, to a name at Marion that told how much of his happiness was centered in that question. George pointed to where he had left her, and there she lay upon the ground, for she had fainted until the confusion and tumult of the moment. To fly to her and raise her up—to clasp those soft hands and sprinkle that pallid face with water was the work of a moment for Sexton, and as she recovered and rested her head upon his bosom, to tell her all, that she was safe, and that her brother was free was a work, and then to hear from those lips the throbs of a guileless heart, and to read in those eyes more than a thousand tongues could speak, was a sweet recompense for Sexton. And now the brother and sister were united, and Sexton left them to complete the victory. He saw the day had dawned, and that not one the squads of his men returned, bringing with them the bare remnant of the gang. On the ground he heard their report engaged in searching for the body of the leader. It was discovered, still holding in his hand the trumpet, as he had held it when struck with the death shot, filling his orders to the scout, Sexton issued further expatations for departure. The lover rode by the side of George Wilson and his sister, and from him he heard all the occurrence of the last few hours. After a ride of some length, they reached the camp in safety, and the next day Emma Wilson was placed under the care of some friends for remote from the danger at war; but she did not leave until she heard from the lips of Sexton the confession of his love, and he received in return the assurance of her affection.

The excitement at once told. After Sexton left the scout, he repaired to the Cypress, and as Marion had not arrived he assumed the command of the band, and led them to the place agreed upon between himself and Marion. Here he fell in with Harry who was waiting for them, and who led them to the Tories encampment. They arrived just in time to detect the design of the leader, and the reader already knows.

Sexton and Wilson continued to serve with Marion until the close of the war. Both were in most of those daring and successful manœuvres which so distinguished this gallant officer. Harry also served the war out in the capacity of scout, one of the most dangerous as well as useful posts in the army. After the close of the war Sexton journeyed back to Emma, and after they became a captive, though this time in the sweetest bonds. Harry took up his residence with them, and in the long winter nights would amuse the children by telling them the story of "THE CAPTIVES."

News from Congress.

ON WEDNESDAY, in the SENATE, the bill to regulate the pay and allowances of Pursers and Warrant Officers of the Navy was taken up, and after being debated at some length, was passed.

The bill to regulate the Navy ration, and the bill to regulate the appointment and pay of engineers in the Navy of the United States, and the bill to prescribe the manner of professors of mathematics in the Navy, and for other purposes, were taken up, and after a brief discussion, were severally read to their text and passed.

A bill to amend and explain the Militia Act of 1795 was also considered, and was the subject of an extended discussion.

The vote by which the bill to supply the deficiency in the appropriation for the Army was passed, was taken on the 30. Preston unconsidered for the present.

Mr. Preston of Arkansas, gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to establish rifle and dragoon regiments. The motion was without interest.

On motion of Mr. Preston, the Senate then proceeded to the consideration of Executive business, and after some time spent therein, adjourned.

In the HOUSE, several bills were reported, but none of them of importance, except a light house bill from the Committee on Commerce.

The House of Representatives, on motion of Mr. Adams, proceeded at 11 o'clock to the consideration of the Tax message.

Mr. Thomas Mann Adams obtained the floor, and delivered a great length in opposition to the Vote, and the accidental President.

Mr. Adams closed his remarks with a motion to refer the message of the President to a Select Committee of thirteen members.

Mr. Foster, of Georgia, raised a point of order to the effect that the motion of Mr. Adams was not in order. This was debated for nearly two hours by Messrs. Wise, Cushing, Proffit, Foster, Fillmore and Adams alone. Mr. Foster then the appeal was laid upon the table by a vote of 108 to 96.

Mr. Wise took an appeal, and another point of order was decided. This all interest from the message, and the consent, and succeeded in materially reducing the attendance.

This point of order was rejected by the House by acclamation.

Mr. Morgan then moved the Previous Question upon the question of reference. The yeas and nays were demanded, and the Message was referred to the Select Committee of 13 that had been raised for the purpose.

The Revenue bill was then left to be disposed of. Mr. Gregor, of Pennsylvania, moved to lay the bill upon the table.

Mr. Johnson contended that it was not in order, and made an argument to that effect. The House decided against the point of order. The bill was laid upon the table by a vote of 97 to 91.

Here ended all action upon the Veto Message and bill, and nothing more can be done until Mr. Adams' motion has report as Chairman of the Committee of 13.

Several Executive communications were then received, and several Senate Bills, which, with some miscellaneous business, closed a very busy day, and the House adjourned.

ON THURSDAY, in the SENATE the debate on the Marine Corps bill was continued until two o'clock, when the two yeas were ascertained. The bill was then ordered to a third reading—ayes 28, nays 19.

In the HOUSE, the journal of yesterday's proceedings having been read, the Select Committee on the Veto Message ordered to be appointed by the Speaker, was announced as follows:

John Quincy Adams, of Mass., Chairman; Jane Mercer, of Ohio; Francis Granger, of New York; Truman Smith, of Connecticut; John M. Botts, of Virginia; James A. Pearce, of Maryland; Kenneth Rayner, of North Carolina; J. Cooper, of Pennsylvania; Thomas Jefferson Campbell, of Tenn.; Thos. W. Gilmer, of Virginia; Wm. W. Irwin, of Pennsylvania; James J. Roosevelt, of New York; C. J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania.

Very little other business of importance was transacted.

On FRIDAY the SENATE sat with closed doors on the executive nominations of the President. When the doors were opened the bill for the augmentation of the Marine Corps was taken up. The bill fell in a long debate, in which Messrs. Huntington, Buchanan, Archer, Cuthbert, Calhoun and others participated, when the bill was so amended as to strike out the offices, five captains and sixteen lieutenants, and to limit the increase to five lieutenants; when with the bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading—and the Senate adjourned.

In the HOUSE the Revenue bill was further debated. During the morning, Mr. Wm. C. Johnson, of Md., gave notice that on to-morrow he would move a resolution to provide Revenue to meet all the current and contingent liabilities of the Government by raising revenue from Imports; to benefit the growers of grain and tobacco, by countervailing and reciprocal duties on articles specified; to prevent abuses in the collection and disbursement of Revenue, by requiring the gross amount to be paid at once into the Treasury, to be drawn out only by law; to prevent defalcations, by requiring the deposit of public funds, and impositions of definite goods to place the amount to be paid in the Government depositories and the Treasury at once, to the credit of the Government, and to receive a receipt of warrant from the depositories upon presentation of the certificate of said deposits; to benefit the States and increase the capital of the nation by authorizing the issue upon the faith of the Government of $107,000,000 of Treasury notes, and for the appropriations of not less than $100, nor more than $1000, to be divided among the States, the Territories, and the District of Columbia, upon the basis of Federal numbers, and to suspend the operations of the Distribution Bill until the redemption of the Stock by the Commissioners of

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POLAR PLANT.

A specimen of a plant, possessing the curious quality of polarity, has been deposited in the National Institute at Washington. This vegetable is said to grow in great abundance in the Western prairies, from the extreme north west to the far south west. That its indications are actually the same wherever found, is the universal testimony of all who have known of it—and many have noticed it from one end of the continent to the other—a distance north of Fort Leavenworth. The plant attains the height of from ten to sixteen inches, and it is said never blossoms. It is a sort of fern, with one single leaf, whose plane always points North and South. As, however, the leaf is symmetrical, there is nothing in its indications to distinguish one point from the other. The cause of the polarity of this curious plant," says the party who has studied its properties, "does not appear to be discovered. Being symmetrical in shape, or rather the weight being equally distributed about the stem, it is possible that the leaf, or fibre is so strongly impregnated with certain salts of iron, as to be devised from the period of its infant growth by the action of the magnet of the earth, turning like a compass-needle on its apex, and not as a pivot. That it is not caused by the action of light would seem probable from analogy, as vegetables are found to turn by light and to bend from their leaves or blossoms towards the sun instead of from it. At mid day there is no light from the sun, shining through the sun and thus it shuns the light. I have noticed it in long continued cloudy weather, and could not understand it, but it seems to be a law of nature, and thus furnishing a link to supply the chain of gradation. It is well known that there are many distinguished naturalists and geologists, among others who would a lighter still, even to the human frame, and perfect the final discovery of this intimate connection between electricity and the operation of the nervous system. Any fact connected with the action of electricity or magnetism (supposed to be one and the same agent) is now peculiarly interesting, when there are so many ingenious minds throughout the world devoted to such investigations."

FLEXIBLE GLASS.

Volumes of reports have been expended on the law of the art possessed by the Romans, by which malleable glass could be manufactured. But modern has at length unscrupled and successful. It is not only flexible as glass, which can be made into a substance resembling the richest silk. In London this discovery is now being brought into use for the cultivation of grapes, and in such as gentlemen's wainscots and sashes, ladies' dresses, and many other articles of decoration, in the most splendid patterns. It is expected even to silk in flexibility and softness, and the durability of it—a point, however, of no consideration with the fastid ion, among whom at present it exclusively finds favor, and will continue vastly superior. In process of time, when the manufacture has arrived at a more perfect state, and its value is duly estimated, and all its wastings discovered, it will in all probability come within the reach of most classes of society, but at present its cost is very high indeed. The magnificence of its appearance is quite remarkable, and when used at any considerable quantity, such as window curtains, &c., it should be seen to form an impression of its richness and elegance can be entertained.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

We find in the New York Evening Post the following letter from Mr. Cooper, on this important subject. Although he disclaims having signed the petition alluded to by Mr. Dickens, it is to be presumed that he agrees with all the honest and reputable writers of the country in regard to the main question.

HALL, COOPERSTOWN, 7 August 6th, 1842.

MESSRS. ESTERBROOK:—I see, by an extract in your paper of this, in a letter recently published in England, Mr. Dickens ranks me as one of the authors who have petitioned Congress to pass an "International copy-right law." In this he is in error, as I am unacquainted, Mr. Dickens is in error. He has doubtless been misinformed. I have never signed such a petition, and cannot, in any case, entertain it proper to say as much; as I feel reluctant to be painfully bold regarding the acts, of the precise nature of which I am ignorant.

Had it been thought necessary to consult me in relation to the subject in question, I am sure the circumstance should have signed it. I wish for no international legislation on any subject, and least of all with England. Cases may arise, certainly, under treaties, in which such a law would be necessary; but, as a rule, I would avoid it as much as possible. I feel convinced this country is, almost exclusively, the loser by all legislation in reference to any foreign interference.

Still, I consider the general argument of Mr. Dickens, in connection with this subject, to be unanswerable true. What the object can be of the English, I know perfectly well, but, if it be solely to give foreign authors, *of all nations*, under reasonable limitations, a right of property in their productions, in my judgment, it should be granted—not on the principle of reciprocity, but on the principle of common honesty. It is his unerring distinction, in all cases, between true liberty and that which is false, and which form good and evil. We should all endeavor, so far as an imperfect nature will enable us, and at a humble distance, to imitate this law of justice. Communities, as well as individuals, are sometimes of opinion that, with their monkeys, of the influence of their example, and because law authorizes a certain act, from others it has a right to do the same. I confess to you, gentlemen, that it would be very difficult for me to say, in the case of such a people, that a blatantly disorganized justice, whether it be in the laws, or in their administration, is a nation that ought to set the golden rule of conduct, soon becomes an aggregation of the atrocities that become every one private, without the restraints of personal responsibility.

Now the rights of property are connected with all our moral associations. When property ceases to be protected, the door is open to barbarism. Even savages respect these rights, to the extent of their habits and wants—and it is generally no more than a rude, but natural and factual civilization, that they manifest a sense of the rights of property in the particular tribe that is connected with the gifts of the mind. While nations are considered uncivilized and ignorant, copy rights are of little value, and this is the reason why the legislation of this species of property has not kept even pace with the appreciation of that which is connected with the gifts and labors of the genius. But literary property is now of value in all civilized communities, and it should be, and is, and greatly, and acute, it is no much entitled to be protected, as human labor and skill.

Communities possess a power to emit certain interests from their value of property, and to give it a fictitious one, but it is the power of might, and not that of right. They have no higher jurisdiction over the code of Christian morals. These they are bound to sustain, if they profess to be a city, rather than a mere horde of men, to innovate on them. As respects property, no society is held to be a Christian one, that does not endeavor to meet even, that of another, much less, to steal it. The authority of the Bible is quoted, and justly, for the man who lives near the Canadian frontiers, shall earn the Canadian law, or any law, to catch stray cattle on this side of the line. Still, such a case would be morally little better than a theft. I can see but a shade of difference between the law which would thus give to the Americans the stray horse of his Canadian neighbor, and that which would give to the Canadian the stray horse of his American neighbor, with the same reason that the Canadian finds, that the American finds, that the American finds, that the American

Gems from the Poets.

THE LADY of SHALOTT.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

PART I.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round the island there below.
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silently
By the island of the Lady of Shalott.

But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weareth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding, two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half-sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That glanced on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle-bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some beauteous creature, resting light,
Moves over still Shalott.

He heard clear horn in moonlight grow'd,
He heard it in the merry month of June,
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining;
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flow to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot
And as the boat-head wound along
The willows and hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till the boat was drawn aboard,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower of luxury,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
A dead mate through the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said "She has a lovely face,
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

From the Magazines.

PYRAMIDS.

FROM THE AMERICAN ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

"EAST about my readers to Greece and Egypt. I have had the habit of noting down discoveries or other useful matter. With this intent, I sought to gain the good will of Captain ——. After another meeting, occasion offered of asking his permission to make researches in places more interesting than those which Pashas were surprised at my request, and set before me all the dangers which I should be exposed to in such an undertaking; he also informed me that, although he knew his country, he would not allow me to go to work or me engaging to pay the labourers, and that I ran the risk of losing all the money I had furnished me. He advised me to be satisfied with what I had, and assured me that I exposed myself to certain danger in my circumstances, as the blacks whose I must employ were so wicked and cruel that, in case any found there any thing valuable, I might be assured that they would not hesitate to take my life in order to possess themselves of my treasure. Finally the Governor said to me, that as he had no great confidence in the desert through which he had to conduct me, he could give me only a very perfect contempt of my money. Which, however, the Governor saw that his reasons made no great impression on me, he promised to grant my request, as soon as another gentleman should supply my place. When I found that my successor had not yet come from Cairo, I called to see Mr. Anton Prebon, an old acquaintance, and requested of him my intention, for he was better acquainted with the country than myself, having been travelling I commerce for fifteen years. I promised him half the profits of our discoveries, gave him four hundred piastres, and sent him to Mansoulieh to buy camels, cords, irons, baskets, and such instruments of our common gathering. Mansoulieh is a large village, three days's journey from Siout, in the interior of the province, where a merchant is held weekly. I brought large stores of corn, and, according to the custom of the country, I cut it into slices and hung it to the sun to dry.

"I took thirty camels, twenty-four asses and my servant, and proceeded each one two Spanish dollars per month and my subsistence. I had provided myself with a tent, with twenty-seven camels, utensils, and instruments. We were well armed the arrival of my successor. Mr. Endless, whom we met the fifth of January, in the Arab desert, coming. I sent the camels, loaded corn and some stores, to Girgeh, and followed on board a vessel with my Pashas and our friends.

"After three days' journey, arrived at Girgeh, I met my successor in the Turkish Governor of that village, who dwelt at Girgeh, to grandmother, two of the procession guarded to me by the Pashas. The Governor ordered all the authorities of the town to allow me to pursue my investigations unmolested wherever I pleased, and immediately fixed the price which I must give the laborers, because hitherto nothing of the kind had been undertaken in his district. Our families were left at Girgeh. We hired our men provided ourselves with water and victuals, and set off to the desert called Gulah-Velet-Mamoueh, eight hours from the Nile, where there is a beautiful temple, whose exterior is covered with hieroglyphics. We spent the day in making strong enclosures of thorny bought, to protect ourselves from the lions which inhabit those desert regions. On the following morning, we examined the exterior of the temple more accurately, and as it was half over with the sand, I tried to remove this with baskets made out of ox-hides, which I had provided at Val-Benaga. We commenced taking off the sand from the eastern side, in hope of finding the entrance; but without avail. Then we went to work on the gateway, where the sand was not so much accumulated. After that, we began to work on the western side, but with the prospect of success for our toil, we deemed entirely from this undertaking.

"We were, indeed, driven to this by many other weighty reasons. Five of our camels had died, the rest were sick, tired and worn out, by the long searches they were obliged to make to the Nile; the water and the provisions were spoiled, our men had the colic, and a small negro, son of a slave, who prepared our meats for us, had already died. We, therefore, set off with camels west to the Nile, where they found the pastures of the greatest use, extended enough. At Val-Benaga there are many upright pillars, ruins of an ancient temple of not very wide workmanship. The only part which had served the ancients for a place of burial, and, as soon as I arrived, commenced my operations. I first found a large vestibule, like the entrances into pallaces in Ferrara, ornamented inside there, and had a circumference of many fathoms, and contained a number of supreme characters. Opposite to the entrance, which the blacks still use to carry water to their houses.

"The discovery of these vases awakened great wonder among the people, who expected to find gold in them. In order to correct this mistake, I took one of them in my hand, and showed it to the people, and let it break it in pieces. It contained nothing but earth kneaded with water. I examined this earth, in hope of finding in it an amulet or a scarabeus, but found nothing either in this, or another I broke. I made a final search at the bottom of the pyramid, and at the depth of a lamp, in a sepulchre of the depth of several feet, some dead bodies, instead of nothing remained about them except the one that lay in the midst of the rest and underneath a stone. It was of the size of one side, the latter on the other, a bow and arrows. Scarcely had I touched it than it fell to dust, crumbled to our pieces, except some arrows, which were covered with a kind of varnish. The bow, and the other, which remained to the interesting.

"After some days of useless toil, I concluded to commence digging in the town, in which I had found some coins of gilded silver, and I also saw some ornaments of gilded silver, and I also saw some ornaments of gilded four sided pillaret of red-granite. Each side was three fathoms long, high, and a half fathom wide. Almost one-third the way up, the pilaster was got about on every side with a band of hieroglyphics, in height one and various symbolical figures. On one side, we saw two men and a woman, all carved in the stone of which the pilaster was made, on the two remaining surfaces, except other figures, and on the two remaining surfaces, except that the forms were different. As it was impossible to transport this large stone on the back of our camels, I tried to have the lower part broken off, so as at least to transport the upper part, but the stone was so hard, that I failed in the attempt. Then I wished to have at least a pretty large piece at case, surrounded it cut it off with a saw and water, but was only able to make a superficial incision. I was even obliged to desist from this undertaking, and made over this pilaster to the chief of the towns of the district of Girgeh. I directed not to open it out of his hands, without an order. I afterwards made a present of it to Mr. Mouset, the French Consul at Smyrna.

"While pursuing our investigation, we discovered a great deal of gold and silver, in the stone of which are a pallet. This building had probably been the dwelling of some Egyptian, and that it had no direction of the present houses. I found there a small vessel cut out of jet, which I filled with oil, and covered, as discovered, red granite, like the former, but larger and better hewn. An empty vase was lying near it, and I discovered in the temple of ruins, whose ornaments had been destroyed by the ancients. Here ended our search, the unconstructive results of which were sufficient to defray our expenses, nor in the smallest degree to compensate us for our toil. We, therefore proceeded to Girgeh, to our companions at Val-Benaga, left the town and went to Egrengeh, where we found the ruins of the city of Abydos, and the interior, in these subtleties, the seat of ancient greatness. Of the ancient edifices, which stood in the time, to illustrate the history of this interesting portion of the world, which Champollion has so successfully explored in Belzoni and myself.

"We pitched our tents in the vicinity of the village of Bagawaish, which is not far from the Nile, and hired some negro huts for the use of men we set to work to make some baskets out of ox-hides, suitable for carrying earth. The rest of the time there remains to be by the camels. Then we proceeded to the pyramids, which we saw at the distance of an hour.

"We first passed through the old city of Merue, which is almost enveloped in sand, where we only found necropolises of the time of the Romans, and of the Greek style, mixed. Not far from the town, we saw many steps pyramidal height in the middle of a large square hill, whose summit was crowned with twenty-one pyramids, which to the people are especially seen at sun. But a single one was still comparatively unopened. East of the two hundred pyramids come, very rich pyramids. At the foot of the hill there were yet others, smaller, which were employed only on the pyramids, and were adorned with hieroglyphical inscriptions. Here I found the name of Cheops, and the name of Mycerinus. I went first to make yet another attempt in the town, which lay in the vicinity of the ancient city of Memphis. I found after our arrival we made an encampment and obtained information from the people of the vicinity of Gizeh. I found there some relatively, fearing they would not be paid, but afterwards it was offered, that we were obliged to send them back. We commenced our grubbing on a kind of habitation, which seemed to have been destroyed by human hands. We found there a large quantity of serpentine, and a head of a mare, overlaid with a fine varnish of colour, where I first met with search in the finding something costly we soon got further. I left Mr. Endless, and took with me Mr. Prebon, in order to assist the great pyramids. Some days later, my friend discovered another large habitation, but without any gain, for he found nothing in it but a small idol-image of burnt and glazed earth. We continued our search, and found the entrance of the stone opposite the door, which I remembered when I was there the first time, and which I found closed. I found in the inside of the pyramid, to find the immediate floor on a small square, which I had to go down by the help of the pick-axe, and after having removed a little earth, I found a step, and at the foot of this was a staircase, which had been laid in the interior of a monument. After having made a little excavation, I came on to forth. The night came on and obliged us to rest from our labor; but the next day I went to Mr. Endless, his men, and the Arabians with him; in all we amounted to three hundred and fifty persons; exactly the number of men we employed to dig out the earth and carry on the work. The Arabians were engaged to work for our daily paid our men—a thing to which they were not accustomed—and they were eager to pitch their tents in the vicinity of the stone of the pyramid. Some men are making of long twisted straw, and called by the Arabians, Villa. Then I found two chambers, which had to be cut to the steps. The first was empty, and came to the ninth step, which was the last. It led in a small chamber, where I first saw a mummy, some metallic arms, horses, and other smaller skeletons, which I took to be dogs. The first chamber was empty, with the exception of the sarcophagus and the carpenter-saddle of a camel, the other chamber was a that time of the year, and finally, some metallic arms, which looked like little helm, on which were engraved lords and deities.

"At the bottom of the grotto, I saw a large stone, which I concluded was the entrance to the sepulchral monument; I had it removed, and found an oval opening wrought out of the rock by means of the chisel. It was filled with kneaded clay, which I had not cut taken away. I found in the opening of the stone a kind of a lamp, and at the foot of the hill there were yet others, smaller, which seemed to have been laid down in the interior of a monument. After having made a little excavation, I came on to forth. The night came on and obliged us to rest from our labor; but the next day I went to Mr. Endless, his men, and the Arabians with him; in all we amounted to three hundred and fifty persons; exactly the number of men we employed to dig out the earth and carry on the work. The Arabians were engaged to work for our daily paid our men—a thing to which they were not accustomed—and they were eager to pitch their tents in the vicinity of the stone of the pyramid. Some men are making of long twisted straw, and called by the Arabians, Villa. Then I found two chambers, which had to be cut to the steps. The first was empty, and came to the ninth step, which was the last. It led in a small chamber, where I first saw a mummy, some metallic arms, horses, and other smaller skeletons, which I took to be dogs. The first chamber was empty, with the exception of the sarcophagus and the carpenter-saddle of a camel, the other chamber was a that time of the year, and finally, some metallic arms, which looked like little helm, on which were engraved lords and deities.

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